

A Nevv Ballad from W H

To the Tune of, *Hey Bo*

BRave *Monmouth's* out of Favour now,
The Lord knows what's the Cause,
I think no one can justly say,
He has transgressed the Laws;
But yet the Tories cry him down,
Old *Tony* and Young *Gray*;
By this in time they'll gain renown,
But the clean contrary way.

Stout *Monmouth* fought *Rebellious Scots*,
And brought them on their Knees,
He made the stubborn Necks to stoop
Of Men of all *Engl's*;
But *Bushnell-Bridge* now forgot,
And *Majestic's* from they say,
And his Honour's like to go to th' Pot,
But the clean contrary way.

He kept the *PAPISTS* all in Awe,
Though now they strut like *JAYES*;
They value neither him nor Law,
I speak it to their Praise;
But yet I hope the time will come,
By Night or else by Day,
When all his Foes shall gain Renown.
But the clean contrary way.

ABHORRERS are the Blades of Fame,
The Glory of the Land,
They hate his Actions and his Name,
And at defiance stand;
They trample on his Noble Acts,
And truly well they may,
For they are Mounting up we find,
But the clean contrary way.

The *Papists* now do gain their end,
Whilst *Monmouth* is run down,
They seek to get their Popish Friend,
possest o'th' *Engl's* *CROWN*;
But let them *PLOT* a thousand times,
Their *PLOTS* will faile, I'll say;
I hope indeed they'll Mount the Throne,
But the clean contrary way.

Where will *ABHORRERS* hide themselves
When th' Parliament draws near,
L'Estrange, and *THEY*, and *Thompson* too,
will hide themselves I fear,
They'll fly like Chaff before the *Wind*
for all their fine Array,
They all will be prefer'd you'll find,
But the clean contrary way.

Brave *Monmouth* now is laid aside,
As useless to the *KING*;
But yet it must not be denied,
He made the Nation Ring;
He was the Glory of this Land,
Next to the King, I say,
But now it seems he has Command,
The clean contrary way.

Bad *Monmouth* hardly mend I doubt,
If *Papists* come in pow'r;
The *POPE* will have another Bout
Our Nation to devour;
And we may sink beneath the Yoke,
And all become his prey,
VVe may well look to Rise by Him,
but the clean contrary way.

But *GOD* preserve our *KING* so long,
Till we secure our Peace;
Then we may sing a Thankful Song,
VWhen all our Discords cease,
But whilst the *Papists* soar aloft
How can we sing or play,
Alas our Comforts come to us,
The clean contrary way.

Should *Monmouth* fall Our Hopes would fail
Of Comfort and of Aid,
The *PAPISTS* think they might prevail
In the Old *PLOTTING Trade*;
But let him Live to Vex them still
And lodge them all in Clay,
And let them find their Glory Rise,
The clean contrary way.

The *Quakers* now are Cramm'd in Goals,
Because they will not Swear
The *Presbyter* and *Baptists* too,
And *Independants* here
Because they will not go to Church
with *Common-Prayer* to Pray
It seems the Law must make them Rich
The clean contrary way.

Ten Thousand *Protestants* we find
Are *WHIGGS* esteemed now,
And all because they do not Mind
At *ALTERS* for to Bow,
If *Papists* Mount then they must fall
For all they look so Gay,
And they must Rise both Great and Small
The clean contrary way.

But Heavens Protect our Sacred King,
And send a *PARLIAMENT*,
And then true Protestants may Sing
And have their full Content,
The *TORY Tribe* will then be known
And for their Roguery pay,
And the *POPE* shall once more gain his Own
The clean contrary way.

No Doubt the Popish Tribe will say,
A *WHIGG* did make this Song
By all that's good I go to Church,
They do my *Muses* wrong
But he's an *Ass*, will goe to Mass
To here the *Asses* Bray,
And he to Heaven in time will pass,
The clean contrary way.